

OF THE NAVY

Continued from page 3)

new stores to their testing below. Suddenly the man of the sea held up his hand.

"he whispered, 'someone

trained ears detected the stealthy footsteps creeping and around the hut. The foot-
 -based and there was a knock
 -door.

There stood a man—a man
 -back in alarm at the sight
 -raftery countenance of this cun-
 -ing stranger. But Hernandez
 -his teeth.

"Joe Welcher," said Hernandez.
 -n, Joey boy, you're welcome."
 -er looked about him and then
 -to Hernandez.

"From Inez," he whispered to
 -er, "about the governor's le-

CHAPTER XXVII.

Decoy.

leaped out of one of the small
 -of the destroyer Jackson and
 -bly up the wharf. He had
 -ason to, for on the veranda of
 -not a quarter of a mile away
 -a girl he knew. In record time
 -by her side.

"I said Annette to Neal's
 -and Inez, 'look who's here.'
 -ys," said Inez, "do I like a uni-
 -ed," she added coyly, with a
 -ard Neal, "and what comes in
 -o."

"Got my note?" queried Annette.
 -it," returned Neal, "but no

"are you talking about?" said
 -"We are specially invited by
 -error himself."

"out of it, I tell you," repeated
 -"But I'll tell you what I'll do
 -to the back gate of the gov-
 -arden and I'll flirt with you."

"came and most were served
 -ht. But among the first to
 -ough none were served, were
 -invited guests. They were a
 -quartet, these four, and they
 -see rather than to be seen.

"one of these four men became
 -w in himself, watching, ever
 -g. Suddenly there was a light
 -upon the graveled path. A
 -figure swung into the moon-
 -d looked about him. Out of
 -dred guests or so that clus-
 -out the verandas of the dis-
 -ase Neal peered anxiously for
 -llington.

"died a little whistle—his sig-
 -Annette's—and as though that
 -was a signal for an onslaught,
 -shadow and another sprang
 -the intervening space and
 -Neal from behind. A coat or
 -scended over his head with
 -effectiveness of a strait-jacket.

"the governor himself who
 -Annette within the range of ar-
 -ght and from her appointment
 -moonlight out beyond.

"she still talked to the gover-
 -individual with cunning eyes
 -nating leer stepped up to the
 -at the main gate that led to the
 -r's mansion and handed him a

"a guest—Miss Illington," he
 -am to wait for an answer."

"Bunky nodded, summoned an-
 -ky, and handed him the note.
 -ky made an inquiry or two,
 -pped directly to the governor
 -ded him the note.

"is the young lady here, Fran-
 -claimed the governor.
 -he took the note to a window
 -there was somewhat better
 -and opened it. It was written
 -rawling, unaccustomed hand,
 -what it said:

"seen scar face. Need you a
 -for identification. We have
 -down. Come with bearer of
 -c. Excuse scrawl—right hand
 -Hastily,

NEAL.
 -Don't drag mother into this.
 -you are."

"he beckoned to the flunky.
 -"she said, 'is the bearer of
 -'?"

"Bunky bowed. 'Follow me,' he
 -gate there stood a man wait-
 -in hand—a man with cunning
 -and insinuating smile.

"Hardin sent you?" she in-
 -man bowed. "Oui, mademoi-
 -elle returned.

"The Governor's Levee.

"The Governor's Levee.

"The Governor's Levee.

"The Governor's Levee.

"The Governor's Levee.

"The Governor's Levee.

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"The Governor's Levee.

"The Governor's Levee.

"The Governor's Levee.



With a Mighty Roar Dropped into the Sea.

"Where is he now?" she queried
 -cautiously.

"Where he said he would wait—by
 -the postern garden gate," returned the
 -bearer.

Disarmed, she followed this man
 -into the shadows.

In another instant she had reached
 -a carriage and an instant later some-
 -thing descended over her head, smother-
 -ing her cries—something bound her
 -arms to her side. But the smuggler
 -had been right. Neal was there, bound
 -and speechless—helpless on the bot-
 -tom of the carriage.

An instant later the vehicle rattled
 -sharply off into the night.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Sponge Diver.

Annette opened wide her eyes. She
 -uttered an exclamation of delight as
 -she saw Neal Hardin.

"Well, we're here," she said.

"I should think we were," said Neal.
 -He looked about him. Annette was
 -bound firmly to the only chair in the
 -place and he was tied quite as firmly
 -to a stanchion in another corner. The
 -place was a rude hut.

"I see," said Neal, "that we're not
 -alone."

"Obviously not," returned Annette.
 -On the floor between them lay the
 -brute resting but wide eyed with the
 -lash of a whip lying across his shoul-
 -ders. Ponto, the Mexican, watched
 -red eyed and gloating.

Something happened in a corner. A
 -portion of the floor rose from the
 -ground and two men struggled up
 -from a passageway. One of them was
 -Hernandez; the other was the smug-
 -gler of Martinique. Hernandez nod-
 -ded to Neal and to Annette. He took
 -from his pocket a tattered parchment
 -map which he had pasted well to-
 -gether.

"It is the map of the lost Isle of
 -Cinnabar," he said in suave accents,
 -"and I have other evidence besides."
 -He glanced uncertainly toward the
 -brute. "An identifying locket," he
 -went on, "and other things."

"What do you expect to do with
 -them?" said Annette belligerently.
 -"You are not Annette Illington."

Hernandez smiled—smiled a bit too
 -grimly. "Perhaps," he said, "I can
 -find some Annette Illington who will
 -do my bidding. At any rate there will
 -hereafter be no Annette Illington who
 -will try to thwart me."

Neal started. "What do you mean?"
 -he said.

"I mean," returned Hernandez, with
 -a gesture toward the smuggler of Mar-
 -tinique, "that in all parts of the world
 -I am able to find people who do my
 -bidding. This gentleman can do it
 -well. I may as well tell you, children,
 -that you have perhaps an hour to live,
 -perhaps less."

The brute looked up, his eyes
 -glassy, strange. He rubbed a red spot
 -on his arm—the mark left by Hernan-
 -dez' hypodermic needle.

"You are right, Ponto," said Hernan-
 -dez. "It was the only way to drug him.
 -Lend me your whip."

He seized the whip and struck the
 -brute heavily across the shoulders.
 -The brute sprang to his feet, growling
 -in his throat, but he fell back before
 -Hernandez.

Ponto untied a single knot—the

one that bound Neal to a stanchion.

Then at another word the brute
 -seized Neal, struggling in his arms,
 -and with him descended through the
 -passageway.

Annette viewed this proceeding
 -with alarm. She struggled fiercely.
 -Five minutes later the brute re-
 -turned and once more under the sting-
 -ing lash of the whip seized Annette
 -and bore her below. Hernandez and
 -his two companions followed them
 -down.

"Ah," said the smuggler to Neal and
 -Annette. "This house has all appoint-
 -ments. This is the swimming pool,
 -my friends. You can swim here for
 -one hour—or less. This is in truth
 -a cavern of death. I hate to do it,"
 -he added just before he disappeared.
 -"but needs must when the devil
 -drives."

There was a click as the stone trap
 -dropped into place.

"This is a pretty pickle," exclaimed
 -Neal to Annette.

They were lying on opposite sides
 -of that black pool.

"If you can crawl," said Neal, "crawl
 -for your life."

Annette understood. Little by little
 -Neal worked himself along his side of
 -the ledge and Annette along hers,
 -each gradually approaching the other
 -around the circle. Finally their heads
 -touched.

"Careful," said Neal; "close to the
 -wall. Now let me have your hands.
 -Let me unbind you first."

On the surface of the earth above
 -Hernandez and his companions loaded
 -their cases into a cart and drove far
 -across the wilderness into a ravine.

"Here," said the man of Martinique,
 -lifting up the cover of a metal box
 -set in the rock, "here is the switch
 -of which I spoke. One turn of the wrist-
 -pouf—then oblivion."

"I gave them an hour," said Hernan-
 -dez grimly, "and I keep my word. Let
 -us drink."

On the shore below the cliff at the
 -foot of the forbidding Razor Back a
 -sponge diver disported himself in the
 -water beside his boat, cutting and
 -tearing sponges from their native
 -home of rock and coral for a living.
 -Then suddenly he forgot the business
 -of collecting sponges.

He rose again, empty handed this
 -time, and dived again, peering at some-
 -thing strange and new. Then with
 -downward-slanting strokes he sud-
 -denly disappeared. He came up in an
 -instant in almost total darkness, then
 -bobbing on the surface he rubbed his
 -eyes, jabbering excitedly.

"Hey there," cried a voice, "and who
 -are you?"

The sponge diver jabbered some
 -more. Well might he jabber. It was
 -a strange sight that confronted him.
 -Two young people were seated almost
 -in darkness on the edge of a black
 -pool.

"How did you get here?" queried
 -Neal.

The man for all his jabbering was
 -polyglot. He knew pidgin English and
 -Neal knew how to talk it, so they got
 -along admirably together. Neal told
 -him his story. The man climbed up
 -upon the ledge and listened eagerly.
 -Suddenly he grew excited. It was evi-
 -dent that he knew the reputation of
 -this place.

"You come with me—come right
 -away," he said.

Neal set the fast-waning lantern by
 -Annette's side. "One moment, dear,"
 -he said to Annette, "and I will be back.
 -If what he says is true—"

In another instant with his hand
 -on the shoulder of the sponge diver,
 -Neal was swimming down, down
 -toward the outer opening. As he saw
 -the light filtering in from underneath
 -he gave a gasp that almost choked
 -him.

In another instant he had returned
 -for Annette, and with her at his side
 -the two swam in the direction that the
 -diver had taken.

The sponge diver, still gesticulating
 -excitedly, hauled them rapidly into his
 -small boat.

"Me row, you row—like the devil,"
 -he exclaimed.

Neal rowed like the devil, and the
 -flat-bottomed boat skimmed over the
 -water like mad. Suddenly Annette in
 -the bow extended her right arm.

"Look, look, Neal," she exclaimed,
 -"for God's sake, look."

Neal heard first, then he looked, and
 -as he looked the whole face of that
 -huge cliff behind them thrust itself
 -into the air and with a mighty roar
 -dropped into the sea.

"It's Mount Pelee," cried Annette,

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Wants

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Oregon Short Line Time Table

Ontario, Oregon, November 8th 1914
TIME TABLE NO. 78

WESTWARD

Train No.	Leave
17 Oregon Wash. Limited	4:22 a m
75 Huntington Passenger	9:35 a m
19 Oregon Wash. Express	6:33 p m
5 Fast Mail	6:10 p m

EASTWARD

Train No.	Leave
18 Oregon Wash. Limited	2:51 a m
76 Boise Passenger	8:50 a m
4 Eastern Express	12:07 p m
6 Oregon Wash. Express	6:33 p m

OREGON EASTERN BRANCH

WESTWARD

Train No.	Leave
139 Mixed, daily except Sunday	for Riverside 12:20 p m

VALE & BROGAN BRANCH

WESTWARD

Train No.	Leave
141 Mixed Vale and Brogan	Daily except Sunday 10:00 a m
97 Passenger, Vale daily	7:00 p m

EAST BOUND

Train No.	Leave
140 Mixed, daily except Sunday from Riverside	12:01 p m
98 Passenger, from Vale daily	8:40 a m
142 Mixed from Brogan and Vale Daily except Sunday	3:30 p m

The Homedale train leaves Nyssa at 1:30 p m on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, returning, arrive at Ontario at 5:30 p m.

covering her face with her hands.

Neal shook his head. "That isn't Pelee," he returned grimly, "it's dynamite—if I know anything of dynamite."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Business Directory

DENTISTS.

DR. W. G. HOWE
DENTIST
Over 1st. Phones, Office 73-R
Nat'l Bank Res. 57-R

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Wilson Bldg. Ontario Ore.

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